Robert Lewis Coffey, Jr.

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
PENNSYLVANIA

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Robert Lewis Coffey, Jr.

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
PENNSYLVANIA

U.S.
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Eighty-first Congress
First Session

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Biography

ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY, JR., was born in Chattanooga, Hamilton County, Tenn., October 21, 1918; moved with his parents in early boyhood to Pennsylvania and graduated from the Ferndale High School in 1935; also attended the University of Pittsburgh and Penn State College; employed in all positions from coal loader to engineer; appointed a flying cadet September 23, 1939; commissioned a second lieutenant in June 1940; promoted to first lieutenant November 1, 1941, and served in the United States Army Air Force during World War II; military air attaché, United States Embassy, Santiago, Chile, from October 1945 to April 1948; resigned his commission as a lieutenant colonel September 1, 1948, to become a candidate for Congress; commissioned a colonel, Air Force Reserve, September 2, 1948; awarded Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Purple Heart, Bronze Star, Presidential Citation, and Belgian and French Croix de Guerre; elected as a Democrat to the Eighty-first Congress and served from January 3, 1949, until his death in an airplane accident in Albuquerque, N. Mex., April 20, 1949; interment in Arlington National Cemetery, Fort Myer, Va.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *May 12, 1949.*

Mrs. NORTON. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on House Administration, I offer a privileged resolution (H. Res. 186) providing for holding memorial services on Wednesday, May 25, 1949 (Rept. No. 574), and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 25th day of May 1949, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eighty-first Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)--United States Army Band

Presiding officer----------The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation----------The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo, There Is No Death (O'Hara)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Scripture reading and prayer----------The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address----------Hon. Reva Beck Bosone
Representative from the State of Utah

Solo: Requiem (Homer)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Address----------Hon. Frances P. Bolton
Representative from the State of Ohio

Taps----------Sgt. Charles Barnes

Echo----------Sgt. George Myers

Benediction----------The Chaplain

Robert Lewis Coffey, Jr.

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 25, 1949.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper sang There Is No Death (O'Hara).

The CHAPLAIN—

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-

ence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"As I stand by my cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea.
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me!

"But lo! in the distance the clouds break away!
The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee;
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me."

Heavenly Father, our minds are arrested as we pause to meditate upon the brevity of this life and the immortality of the human soul. Thy providential care towers above the horizons of human needs, and reveals the ultimate blessing to those who pass this way. Our hearts sing, "God cares."

O Thou who didst bow Thy head upon the cross, comfort the sorrowing ones who linger here. Not in vain do we call upon Thee, for we know that neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, a Senator from the State of Louisiana: Born September 17, 1875; lawyer; graduated from the Louisiana

State University at Baton Rouge in 1895 and from Tulane University at New Orleans in 1897; former member of the board of supervisors of Louisiana State University; Member of the House of Representatives, the Seventy-second Congress; elected to the United States Senate in 1932, 1938, and 1944; died May 14, 1948.

HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, a Senator from the State of South Dakota: Born August 6, 1882; lawyer; attended the Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell, S. Dak.; graduated from the Minnesota University Law School at Minneapolis in 1904; served as Governor of South Dakota, 1939–42; elected to the United States Senate in 1942; died September 27, 1948.

JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, a Senator from the State of North Carolina: Born November 17, 1888; lawyer; attended Hugh Morson Academy, Wake Forest College, and Harvard University Law School; member of the State senate, 1927–29; served on the board of trustees of Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina; Governor of North Carolina, 1941–45; elected to the United States Senate in 1948; died March 6, 1949.

THOMAS LEONARD OWENS, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born December 21, 1897; lawyer; attended Northwestern University and De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.; graduated from Loyola University Law School, Chicago, Ill., in 1926; served as a private in World War I; Member of the Eightieth Congress; died June 7, 1948.

MILTON HORACE WEST, Fifteenth Congressional District of Texas: Born June 30, 1888; lawyer; attended the West Texas Military Academy, San Antonio, Tex.; served with Company C, Texas Rangers, in 1911 and 1912; district attorney, 1922–25; assistant district attorney, 1927–30; served in the State house of representatives, 1930–33; Member of the Seventy-third to Eightieth Congresses, inclusive; died October 28, 1948.

JOHN JOSEPH DELANEY, Seventh Congressional District of New York: Born August 21, 1878; merchant; lawyer; attended St. James' Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Manhattan College, New York City; graduated from Brooklyn Law School; St. Lawrence University, in 1914; delegate to the Democratic State conventions in 1922 and 1924; deputy commissioner of public markets of New York City, 1924–31; Member of the Sixty-fifth and the Seventy-second to the Eightieth Congresses, inclusive, and Member-elect of the Eighty-first Congress; died November 18, 1948.

SOL BLOOM, Twentieth Congressional District of New York: Born March 9, 1870; music publisher; captain in the New York Naval Reserves in 1917; director of the United States George Washington

Bicentennial Commission; director general of the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission; chairman of Committee on Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the United States Supreme Court; director and United States Commissioner, New York World's Fair, 1939; Member of the Sixty-eighth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died March 7, 1949.

ANDREW LAWRENCE SOMERS, Tenth Congressional District of New York: Born March 21, 1895; manufacturer; attended Manhattan College and New York University in New York City; served in World War I as a hospital apprentice, ensign, and naval aviator; delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1928; Member of the Sixty-ninth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died April 6, 1949.

ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY, JR., Twenty-sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born October 21, 1918; engineer; soldier; attended the University of Pittsburgh and Penn State College; appointed as a flying cadet in 1939 and during World War II served through successive promotions from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel; flew 97 combat missions; received numerous citations and decorations, including the Distinguished Flying Cross 8 times, and the Air Medal 27 times; served as military air attaché, United States Embassy, Santiago, Chile, 1945–48; Member of the Eighty-first Congress; died April 20, 1949.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Utah [Mrs. Bosone].

Hon. REVA BECK BOSONE, a Representative from the State of Utah, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. REVA BECK BOSONE

Mrs. BOSONE. Mr. Speaker, it is with gratitude that I accept your invitation to participate in today's memorial exercises. I realize the responsibility of fully expressing the spirit of warm friendship and the reverence which the

Members of this distinguished body have for those comrades who have lifted that curtain of mystery and gone on to eternal rest. It is with a spirit of humility that I attempt my assignment.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However, we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

It's hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forever more.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Bright is the morning with glaring light when the sun rises in the east. Brighter still become its rays as the morning grows into noon—the most brilliant part of the day. As afternoon wears on, the heavens shade the brilliance with colors in full bloom—the sunset. Then the twilight gathers in luxuriant hues, evening descends, and darkness puts the world to sleep.

So it is with the life span of man. With great exultation a child is born. A smile is on every face. With each hope

of life's expectancy, dreams are translated into reality. At the noontime of man's life great in luster is his development, varied is his activity, and bright is his future. As life wears on, his colorful contributions envelop him. Twilight slows the pace but sweetens the path—night descends. He who was once a child becomes a man, and in the evening of his life slips away into the night to rest forever.

In the midst of today's turmoil and haste, it is fitting that we pause to pay homage to those Members of Congress who in this past year have answered their last roll call. When those illustrious gentlemen—Senators JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, of Louisiana; HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, of South Dakota; and JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, of North Carolina—answered to their names on those heavenly rolls, I am sure it was with a strong voice of conviction, and that they went with a firm step of courage—two qualities so eminent in these distinguished statesmen.

It was with sweet satisfaction that I perused the Records and found sincere appreciation of the attributes of each of the Members of the House when notice came of his passing. Let me pay tribute to them in the words of one of their colleagues:

I know no man who assumed his responsibilities and duties as a Member of Congress more seriously than TOM OWENS. His name will go down in history as one of those rare individuals who made a thorough study of legislation and fought for what he considered to be right and just and in the best interests of the people of our glorious country.

Those who served with MILTON WEST know that he was firm in his convictions and, moreover, that he had the courage to stand by them at all times and under all circumstances. Here was the type of Representative who never deviated from what he considered the fundamental principles of sound government.

JOHN DELANEY was not only a lovable personality but a man of understanding nature; a man with whom anyone could live, without regard to differences of opinion or race or color or creed, because he was possessed of that one spirit, which I think is more important to enable people to live together than anything else—

the spirit of understanding, of respect of one for the other, with an understanding state of mind.

America gave SOL BLOOM his opportunity and America honors him in passing. He was a devoted public servant. He represents the challenge of our civilization.

ANDREW SOMERS was a great student and authority on the Constitution of the United States—its origin and its interpretation. He was perhaps the greatest authority in the House on the world monetary situation. President Roosevelt recognized his knowledge and ability by appointing him a delegate to the International Monetary Conference that was held in London.

It has brought sorrow to the hearts of all of us to see the sudden passing from our midst of so young a man as Col. ROBERT COFFEY—one who had such a brilliant record in the war and who bore such promise of great accomplishment in the field of government and statesmanship.

To these tributes which have already been spoken, those of us here know that we can add one other tribute which is applicable to each and every one of these men. It is this: "As the soldier died in patriotic service, so did he."

Today the eyes of the whole world are centered on the building in which we now sit—the Capitol of the United States. The words that are spoken and the deeds that are consummated here have a deep and abiding effect on men and women all around the globe. Unrequested, our great country through its humanitarian philosophy has assumed world leadership and world responsibility.

That this country now sits on this pinnacle of preeminence is due in no small measure to many of the men who stood during their lifetime in the well of this House.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

'Tis true—no more they live in their worldly tabernacles—no more do we feel the warmth of their friendly smile, the grip of a strong handshake—the chastisement of our views on legislation, sometimes deserved. But truly we feel the inspiration of what they said—and what they did. Their convictions and their deeds will live forever in the statutes of

this Nation. Their courage and humanity have forged an unbroken chain of friendship among those they met in their service to their country.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

"No more?" Who can say that? Regardless of a person's religious views or church affiliation, it is difficult to say where this influence leaves off. A word said today, blossoms into a thought tomorrow, and eventually activates a deed. Where is the end? There is none. Kind words and noble deeds go on forever. Their identity is lost, but the identity is not important.

Have you ever sat on the side of a mountain and observed the bigness of the universe? Have you ever stood on a high pinnacle where a panoramic view of God's handiwork overwhelmed you? One's ego vanishes into nothingness upon the sight of God's creation.

There is no end—a beginning of something else—what? Does it matter? If it does, climb to the topmost ridge of the nearest hill and drink in the fresh air and relax in nature's beauty. Fast will come the realization that there is a plan—a beginning, a development—a death—a death that there must be a rebirth. There is no end.

Some trees have shallow roots. They spread widely, but are stumped. Their shadow is large for awhile, but the tree soon topples and is gone.

Other trees send their roots deep into the earth. They reach for the heavens and grow tall. Their shadow is broad and long and remains for hundreds of years.

Some men develop fast and glamorously, but leave without an imprint upon the life of man—their shadow fades.

Other men work slowly but surely for the benefit of their fellowman. Their unselfish and noble thoughts and deeds give them a deep and rich foundation upon which they grow—grow to such a height and with such firm roots that their shadow lasts.

Some had a full day in which to develop; others, like Colonel COFFEY, lived a long life, but a short day.

We have long ceased to count the numerical years of a man's life, his life is calculated only on the scale of achievement, not selfish attainments but contributions to the happiness and security of mankind.

I feel sure that each Member of Congress who has answered the final roll call has shortened his life because he has placed responsibility to his country first. His community and State achievements have been given national expression. The weight of his conscientiousness in his daily work gave him deep roots, a long shadow, and an everlasting influence in the world.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Death is only an old door,
Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
When the thrushes call.

There is nothing to trouble any heart;
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.

Our beloved colleagues—

Cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
What e'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for ever more.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper, sang Requiem (Homer).

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Ohio [Mrs. Bolton].

Hon. FRANCES P. BOLTON, a Representative from the State of Ohio, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANCES P. BOLTON

Mrs. BOLTON of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, some 15 years ago I was in London on the November day that marks the cease-

fire order of the First World War. We call it Armistice Day, the British call it Remembrance Day, and so observe it.

It was not cold, but there was a mist which now and again became the soft rain with which Londoners are so familiar. Close after dawn the people began to gather at the Cenotaph, that simple monument in the very heart of busiest London to which every cabby unobtrusively tips his hat as he drives by it with a reverence which comes from his heart. There was to be a simple memorial service there in midmorning, read by bishops and archbishops, attended by the King and Queen and all the royal family, and shared by all the great and small who could get near enough to hear, as well as those who just stood quietly beyond the range of sight and hearing.

Many of the battle monuments had been designated as gathering places. We chose the one at Hyde Park corner, where a platoon of the regiment whose dead were honored there stood watch. At a few minutes before 11 a car drove up, several men in the formal morning coats of Members of Parliament got out, and in their turn placed a wreath and took their places beside the monument.

If you knew London in the thirties, you knew the teeming noise of that unbelievably busy corner with its busses, cabs, and cars of every sort, its hawkers of every kind. Then suddenly the bugler sounded the first note of taps, and instantaneously there was silence, hats were off, and we all stood motionless as the poignant call went out, to be taken up in the distance to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, like echoes in the mist. Tears ran unchecked from the eyes of stalwart men and sad-eyed women as the sound died. Then once again the bugler raised his bugle to his lips—reveille. The English notes vary a little from ours, but there was no mistaking the call.

Deeply moved, I waited until the crowd had gone and I could go quietly up to this bugler and ask some little question which would perhaps draw from him the reason for this second call, as it did. He saluted, tears still in his eyes and

on his cheek. "Yes, lady, we plays them taps and then we plays them reveille to remind us of the Resurrection."

Later in the day we went to Westminster Abbey, outside of which, in the grass plot, miniature cemetery lots had been marked out, each with the name of some regiment, each with rows of tiny crosses made of palm with a red poppy at the crossbar. There were literally thousands of them, and even as we stood there men and women and children came quietly and planted their crosses beside those already there.

And inside the Abbey?

I wish I could paint the picture to you in words you would never forget. We took our places at a side door in the quiet line that had begun its march in the early morning and in a few minutes found ourselves in the great Abbey. Only the chancel was lighted—the boy choir was chanting evensong. A deep red velvet rope outlined the slab under which lies the body of their unknown soldier. Four guards stood at the four corners. Heaped waist high upon the stone were red roses, placed there one by one even as we placed ours as we, too, paid our respects to the unknown dead—a steady stream of men and women from early day to dark—remembering.

Mr. Speaker, we, too, as a Nation have our Memorial Day. We, too, pay homage to our gallant dead who served their country on the battlefields of earth and sky and sea. This we shall do in all the cemeteries of this great land and those beyond the seas when Monday is upon us.

We here of the Congress of this indissoluble Union of great States have our own remembrance day when we come together to honor those who served their country in these halls through years that held both peace and war.

We have gathered here on this lovely spring afternoon in especial remembrance of those men to whom the gateway into the unseen has opened during the past year. Permit me to name them one by one that we may bring them more closely among us at this moment:

Senator JOHN H. OVERTON, Louisiana.

Senator HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, South Dakota.

Senator J. Melville Broughton, North Carolina.
Representative Thomas L. Owens, Illinois.
Representative Milton H. West, Texas.
Representative John J. Delaney, New York.
Representative Sol Bloom, New York.
Representative Andrew L. Somers, New York.
Representative Robert L. Coffey, Jr., Pennsylvania.

We come to do them honor, these whose span of years is done, with the warmth of their personalities still with us and the echo of their voices still lingering in these halls. We come to commend them to the Almighty and to wish them godspeed on their next adventure.

As is our custom we have invited their families to come among us that they may know we share their loss, that we reach out our hands and hearts to them in their bereavement.

Friends, we welcome you. We hope that there may flow into you the warmth of this fellowship and that it may never grow cold. Especially do I welcome you, for I, too, have sat in those very seats with my sons and have been lifted up on this same tide of understanding. May you take with you from this hour of togetherness a new courage, and a deepened sense of what the years of service given here to our great country by the men you love meant to them and to the land they served. May you know beyond all shadow of doubt that "grief" can be and "should be, like joy, majestic, equable, sedate, confirming, cleansing, raising, making free, strong to consume small troubles, to command great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end"—Aubrey de Vere.

May you have learned ere this that grief is but a selfish thing, that death is one with life even as the river and the sea are one. May you have found that "in the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond, and like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring." May I urge you to "trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity"—Khali Gibran.

"A nation is not a tangible thing, not a building of bricks and mortar that will crash to ruins at the first strong blow." A nation is not its laws, its customs, its behavior, even its history. "It is an echo of the past, a whisper from the future, the whole bound together with the lives, the hopes, and the endeavors of millions of men and women"—Daphne du Maurier. The strength of a nation is the morale, the restraint of its people.

Our America was founded upon a dream and established upon a vision. To the peoples of the world, America stands as a symbol of strength and progress, of enlightened living. Let us remember that, whenever we listen for the echoes of other days, and lift our eyes and try to see over the cusp of tomorrow's dawn.

For 90 and more years these very walls have welcomed the men and women who have taken their turn here under the seals of the States of which the Union is made up, to formulate the laws that should protect the freedom which God in His wisdom permits us to enjoy. Insofar as they have had light they have endeavored to be faithful to their solemn oath to protect the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, both without and within, the Constitution which gave us "a threefold cord that is not quickly broken"—Ecclesiastes 3: 7.

How marvelous that great document—that code under which all of us who are a part of government must function to protect the millions of simple men and women from the domination of other individuals and groups as well as that of government itself. Fluid, with its roots in the fundamental truths of man's very existence, containing within itself the formulas of necessary change.

For close to a century within this Chamber, and the Chamber at the other end of the Capitol, the laws of this great representative Republic have been made. Men have come here from every corner of the land to bring their particular points of view, their special contributions, and lay them upon

this altar. Distances are vast, both in miles and in backgrounds of thought. The clash of sectional thinking has often hurled itself back and forth as the spokesman of each area battled for particular interest. And then again the clear bell will ring from the tower of selfless patriotism and all hearts unite as if they were singing with Langston Hughes:

Let America be America again,
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.
Let America be the dream the dreamers dream—
Let it be the great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme.
—*The Dream of America, Langston Hughes.*

We sit here again today in this old-fashioned Chamber where contention has flared, where compromise has been accomplished, where legislation has been brought forth. Above us the state seals have been a reminder that we are indeed a union of many different and differing groups. Our hearts are softened by our common loss, while before our inner eye pass these with whom we have shared the burden and the joy of service here. We shall miss them always.

Let us hope that the vibrations of loyalty and service of these many years have penetrated deep into these walls, that they may give back to those who listen the charge to be vigilant, the courage to be strong, lest freedom, the most cherished of all man's privileges, be taken from us.

These walls are saying to us even now:

There was a dream that men could one day speak the thoughts of their own choosing.

There was a hope that men could one day stroll through streets at evening, unafraid.

There was a prayer that each could speak to his own God—in his own church.

That dream, that hope, that prayer became America!

Great strength, youthful heart, vast enterprise, hard work make it so.

Now that same America is the dream, the hope, the prayer of the world.

Our freedom, its dream. Our strength, its hope. Our swift race against time, its prayer.
We must not fail the world now.
We must not fail to share our freedom with it afterwards.
Keep singing, keep working, and fight for America.
—*From The Flag Speaks.*

Yes, this land we love was dreamed into being as all things are, for first must come the stirring of the idea and then the bringing it forth into form. But that is not all—for if it is not seized hold upon and built up stone by stone, arch by arch, spire by spire, it will lie quiet until some other comes and builds it to the skies.

When the dream has been dreamed and vision has brought it into being, men must have the courage to find out its depths and heights, its breadth and all its implications and the endurance to work unceasingly to make it live, to protect it from vandals, to share it with those who have it not.

This they have done in goodly measures, these in whose name we gather here—with those whose footsteps have grown faint with the years. May we add their courage and their longings to our own, for we are a Nation so truly wanting to do right, we Americans; but we still mistake the just wanting for the doing, for the being. Just wanting to be friends with others will not make us so. Much must first be built of trust, of confidence, of mutual respect, before there can be the strong handclasp of understanding.

Just crying aloud: Let there be peace, Oh Lord, peace in our time—will not bring peace. When shall we learn the lesson that if we really would end war, if we would preserve freedom, then must we—

Create great peace—
The peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child;
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards, with the toil and the mating that belong to him:
Compel him to serve—
Give him a hard peace: a peace of discipline and justice—

Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure;
Set him at work, not to create things,
But to create men,
Yes, himself.
Go search your heart, America—
Turn from machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time, a creative peace—
While there is yet time;
For if you reject great peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.
—*From 1914 and After War and Laughter, by James Oppenheim.*

This same thought so forcefully given by James Oppenheim after the First World War was expressed to me in other language in 1945 by an ensign in our Naval Reserve. He wrote:

Be strong, curious, tenacious in your investigations and thinking on the various matters that come before you. Be critical of anything that tends to regulate our lives—demand facts, not fine words, from those who sell these things. Don't be afraid to let us struggle with our lives, for out of struggle comes strong people.

What wisdom in his words. "Do not be afraid to let us struggle with our lives."

Is it perhaps fear that gives birth to measures that would deprive our youth of struggle, of the compulsion to serve, of the discipline of justice? Is it fear that tempts us to give him something other than a hard peace? Are we afraid to turn loose the creative forces of our people to build the creative peace that Oppenheim has said is the one way to keep from war?

If this is so then let us use these precious moments of togetherness to clasp hands, and hearts, reviewing our faith in the God in whom we have put our trust that His power may strengthen our courage and add to it the wisdom and the carelessness of self that are the essentials of leadership. Let

us reconsecrate ourselves to the preservation of freedom with all its implications of individual responsibility and of selfless recognition of the interdependence of men and of nations. Let us remind ourselves that only as we give shall we possess, that only as we strive shall we attain.

These men who were our colleagues only yesterday—and the many others who preceded them, have left a command to service upon us that we may not set aside. Their valiant souls were here among us so short a time ago, striving to serve America.

We salute you, comrades, and we pledge you our word that we shall not falter in the task of protecting freedom here at home. Nor shall we fail to hold the torch high in the darkness that enshrouds the world, that other peoples far across the sea may take fresh heart and go forward toward the dawn. To do this we do know that we must "put our hand into the hand of God for that shall be to us better than a light and safer than a known way"—King George VI. What lies ahead is uncharted territory, unknown ways, for the world has changed, all things are new and we who must walk here yet a little time must take a fresh hold on courage and on faith. And let us be quite certain that could we but hear these comrades of ours as they speak to us they might well be saying:

You must not weep or grieve for me, but see
My joy that all my earthly chains be broke.
I go to other fields, a fairer land—
  New vistas, wider visions meet my eye,
There will be other labors for my hand,
  And new adventures 'neath that other sky.
No sigh nor tears that dissipate the soul
  Can build a lasting monument on earth
For rather would I see my life-work whole,
  See you convert it to some last worth.

—A Message, by Roscoe Charles Wilson.

So we have come together for an hour sharing our sorrow, strengthening our faith, taking fresh courage for the work ahead—their work and ours.

Grant us Thy blessing, Lord.

Unveil oh Thou who are the sustenance of the universe, from whom all doth proceed, to whom all must return. Thou face of the true sun now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our long journey to Thy sacred seat.

—*From the Sanskrit.*

Sgt. Charles Barnes, United States Army, sounded taps, the echo being sounded by Sgt. George Myers.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Robert Lewis Coffey, Jr.

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Rooney

Of New York

Mr. ROONEY. Mr. Speaker, we were all shocked to hear of the sudden and tragic passing of our beloved colleague the gentleman from Pennsylvania, ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR.

It was my pleasure and privilege to meet "BOB" COFFEY just before he took his oath of office as a Member of this House of Representatives. From that time on I learned to admire him for his sterling character and unusual ability.

"BOB" died at the beginning of a great career in this body and at a time when every Member of this House felt that here was a real leader of men and one whose future looked extremely promising.

As we all know, "BOB" COFFEY was one of the most outstanding and brilliant combat officers to emerge from World War II. Despite his distinction as one of our foremost pilots, he was extremely modest and reluctant to dwell much on his war experiences. The records of the Air Force show that he had completed many missions and participated in many dangerous experiences in his unselfish devotion to the cause of his country. He attained the rank of colonel at a very youthful age, which in itself is a great tribute to his ability and leadership.

His sense of fairness and his ability to make friends were such that he would undoubtedly have gone far in the Congress of the United States. It is, indeed, a great tragedy that his successful legislative career was cut short by such a terrible accident.

We shall miss Representative COFFEY, and I am sure that the sorrow that is his family's is shared by every one of us. My heartfelt sympathy goes out to his parents, wife, and children. May our good Lord comfort them in their hour of sorrow and grief.

Remarks by Representative Walter

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, in the long history of the House of Representatives many men, some of them very great men, have passed through its portals and, in its records, have left the imprint of their personalities and their labors upon the Nation and the world.

But I venture the prophecy—it can be vindicated only by the records of another world, though I still venture it—that none who served with us so briefly as ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY gave larger promise of joining the company of the great on earth before becoming a part of what the ancient liturgy of the church speaks of as "the cloud of witnesses looking down upon us from above." We find ourselves in something of the mood that led Thomas Gray to write his immortal Elegy in a Country Churchyard, that in some hallowed spot, in this case, there has been laid:

> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed.
> The applause of listening senates to command,
> The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
> And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Fortunately, with reference to our late colleague, his influence had already gone far beyond the village stage. It had spread out from the confines of the congressional district he had been elected to serve, also. Having been born in Tennessee and educated in Pennsylvania his call to duty in the service of his country during the late war took him, through his days of training, into Florida and Kansas and Virginia. In all of them he left his mark of leadership and with the famed poet of our Union, Walt Whitman, he could say "I hear America singing—the varied carols I hear." He carried that song in his heart when he flew combat missions over

Italy, Yugoslavia, France, and Germany. He did not forget it either when, after the war, he served as military attaché in Chile and from which vantage point he journeyed into other areas of the great neighbor continent that lies to the south of us. That South American stay alone should have augured well for his future statesmanship, for we need hemisphere solidarity and friendship.

Of course the mere experience of travel—whether in war or peace—does not of itself guarantee the worth of a man. There are all too many encirclers of the globe who see and feel no more than if they had stayed at home. But not Colonel COFFEY. His world-wide background—for those who knew him—was one of his assets, one of his most potential assets to an America which he firmly believed must assume an ever more significant role in world affairs. It was to be, therefore, an America strong both in her own might and in the might of cooperation with those other nations who share our hopes and our fears.

Only 2 weeks before his death he was pleading in a radio forum in Philadelphia for the ratification of the Atlantic Pact, urging our immediate getting together with all of the freedom-loving peoples around us and reminding us of our tragic failure to do that in the aftermath of World War I. "Tragic" is the word for it today, likewise, for it is tragic—and yet symbolic—that death came to Colonel COFFEY while he was helping to make this Nation's contribution to the Atlantic Pact as powerful as is humanly possible. He died while at the controls of a jet plane—a type of plane in the perfection of which he saw vast possibilities for our safety.

At any rate—whatever our own future—death came with wings for our lamented coworker; and if we value his vision and his spirit we will ourselves assume wings, yes, of death, too, if it becomes necessary to rain war from the skies upon an enemy, though always with the prayer that the angel of death will become at last the angel of life and of peace and good will on earth even as we believe that it is in heaven.

Alfred Lord Tennyson puts the matter as beautifully as it has ever been put and all the more significantly, also, because he wrote these lines before the advent of the airplane.

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the southwind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder storm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY is part of that prediction. At least he will be if we will strive to bring it to pass by our own assumption of leadership in that direction.

Remarks by Representative Elliott

Of Alabama

Mr. ELLIOTT. Mr. Speaker, I stood as an honorary pallbearer amid the sorrowful surroundings of Arlington Cemetery and watched a nation pay its last respects to our late friend and colleague, ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR.

My heart went out to his family, his parents, and friends.

Across the horizon of my mind there played the facts that I knew about BOB COFFEY. His mother, the former Curry Brindley, was reared at Cullman, Ala., in the district I have the honor to represent here. I often talked with BOB about Cullman and he told me that he would go with me to Cullman this summer. He was born in Chattanooga, Tenn., 30 years ago. Early in life he moved on to Pennsylvania, where he worked in the coal mines, was educated, entered the Army Air Force, and wrote for himself an almost unequaled record of bravery, daring, and accomplishment across the blue skies of time.

He left the Air Force in 1948 to seek election to this body, and the people of his district on November 2, 1948, conferred on him the greatest honor any man can receive—they elected him as their Representative, their spokesman in the greatest legislative body in the world.

BOB COFFEY was a big man. Though young in age, he was experienced such as few men are. His outlook was broad and big. He had participated in those things that have made this country great.

I last saw him about 24 hours before his death. We talked a moment and he departed to return no more. He gave his life in perfecting the science of jet flying.

At Arlington I realized more than ever before that BOB COFFEY's life symbolized the greatness of America, "the land

where the humblest son of the humblest citizen may lift his eye in confidence to the star of hope."

And because of Bob Coffey's life, America will go on being great, good, and strong. It will continue to be a lighthouse of hope.

And his passing is, as when a lordly cedar green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout against the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *April 25, 1949.*

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Walter].

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, when the news of the untimely death of our colleague, ROBERT COFFEY, came to us it came as a distinct shock, particularly to those of us who knew BOB COFFEY and knew him well.

I do not suppose there was another hero of this war who had a better or a more spectacular record than did Colonel COFFEY. He was engaged in 97 combat missions over the enemy lines. On two occasions he was shot down. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross 3 times and was decorated over 30 times for bravery.

That a man so young, so conscientious, so sincerely interested in the welfare of his country, should be taken from us at an early age makes us wonder. When the judgment from which there is no appeal is made it is never questioned, but we sometimes wonder why it has to be a particular individual.

During the course of his service in the House of Representatives Congressman COFFEY gave every indication of having the ability, the integrity, and the love of country so necessary to become a great statesman. He was a great war hero. He proved himself to be a diplomat of unusual attainments during the course of his service in Chile. To him is credited much of the resistance of the Chilean Government to the Communist movement, which was gaining headway so rapidly while he was there.

After his determination that he could best serve his country in the Halls of Congress, Congressman COFFEY did not lose his interest in aviation. It is a very significant thing

that he met his death while engaged in maneuvers designed to determine what the "bugs" were in the type plane he was flying, imperfections which had caused the death under similar circumstances of other men. He died as much in the service of his country in this cold war as he would have had he met his untimely end during the period of his fighting on foreign soil. All of us have suffered a great loss. The State of Pennsylvania has suffered a great loss because Colonel COFFEY was rendering great service to our State. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to that brave little wife of his and to those babies who will never know the kind hand of a great man.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Eberharter].

Mr. EBERHARTER. Mr. Speaker, I join in the sentiments expressed by the distinguished dean of the Pennsylvania delegation, Mr. Walter.

It has brought sorrow to the hearts of all of us to see the sudden passing from our midst of so young a man; one who had such a brilliant record in the war and who bore such promise of great accomplishments in the field of government and statesmanship.

ROBERT COFFEY was an energetic man; he was a man always solicitous and inquiring; always seeking from others who had more years of experience in Congress than he the ways in which he best could serve his constituency at home and his brother Members in the Halls of Congress. He was assiduous in his attention to his duties; always eager to do his work well. He was a very companionable sort and in the few short months he served in these Halls he already had earned the respect and the affection of the Members. It is my opinion that he would have become one of the leading statesmen of the country. In times such as these we can ill afford to lose men of the character, experience, and accomplishments such as were possessed by Colonel COFFEY, and we are, indeed, saddened at his departure. To his bereaved widow and her

two tiny children, to his mother and father, and to his brother goes our heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley].

Mr. KELLEY. Mr. Speaker, when I received the message of the passing of our colleague, Colonel COFFEY, it was a great shock because I had come to know him quite well some time before he entered the Congress. His district and my district adjoined, and there were many occasions when we met on a friendly basis and discussed the problems of the day. I was particularly impressed by his conscientious spirit and his extreme desire to be of service to our Nation. His one great purpose in coming to the Congress after leaving the military service was to be of aid and assistance in the Government of the United States. He so expressed himself to me frequently. I cannot forget and I shall never forget when, on Thursday after this body had adjourned, he dropped into my office for a chat and discussed the problems confronting the Congress. He told me of his plans. He told me that he intended to use the Easter recess to put in some flying hours as a Reserve officer. He also told me of his plan to go to the Pacific coast and do some jet flying. We chatted quite a bit about that. The next thing I heard about BOB COFFEY was that he had met his untimely death in New Mexico. It was an extreme shock to me because I had come to admire him and hold him in high esteem. I know his family. They are most respected in the community in which they live. The people in his district learned to know him and love him because he was honest, sincere, and conscientious.

Indeed, this country and this body lost a distinguished servant. It lost a man of particular attainments in his chosen field. He would have done a great deal of good in this body, due to his experience in the service, as outlined by our distinguished colleague, Mr. Walter.

I wish to extend to his family my sincere sympathy. There is not much that one can say in times like this. We are all quite helpless. The very least we can do, and even the most we can do, is to sympathize with the bereaved family.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Buchanan].

Mr. BUCHANAN. Mr. Speaker, the thought struck me in attending the memorial service on Friday in the city of Johnstown, Pa., wherein the friends and family of our colleague assembled in the Memorial Baptist Church, that here was a young life snuffed out too early because of his firm belief in the ideas and ideals of his country. Not only in action but in thought and in deed did Bob Coffey believe in the supremacy of the air power, and that through the medium of its defensive qualities and aggressive ability we might as a Nation and as a leader of the nations of the world, by being alert to this supremacy, be able to maintain the future peace of the world and the world's civilization.

In the less than a year that I had known our colleague those were his thoughts as he conveyed them to me in conversation. He lived them; he believed in them; and he died for those ideals.

He was one of three boys of parents from the State of Tennessee, who moved to Pennsylvania. His younger brother paid with his life in the late war, and Bob with his in trying to be of service in perfecting the air instrument. To his mother and dad who have given a lot to their country and at a very precious price, to his young wife and to his children who survive him, may his name be a symbol of what young America, in its endeavor, means to the world and to the peace of the world. Alert, alive, and ever ready to pay its price so that our way of life may endure and at all times be a living symbol.

Not just peace in our times—but peace and freedom for all peoples for all times.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Graham].

Mr. GRAHAM. Mr. Speaker, a week ago Thursday, when the Members departed to go to their several homes, our hearts were overflowing with the recollection that the day following marked the passing of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and that then on the following Sunday, out of the agony of Gethsemane, and out of the tribulations and trials of life, that He should rise from the tomb and ascend unto His Father.

It so happened to be my privilege that on Thursday I was seated in the dining room when the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Colonel COFFEY, and the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Wagner], came down and sat beside me. There, in the flow of language, soul to soul, there was a revelation of this young man as he told me of his plans and his desire to help strengthen the defenses of America. He was a true patriot—young, handsome, courageous, filled with the thought of his country and its deeds; utterly unselfish, very modest, very diffident, rarely speaking of his own record. But beneath it all was that sublime aspiration to live and be a true American.

I cannot tell you the shock that came to me. I was a patient undergoing an operation myself, and I could scarcely realize that within 1 week this brave young man had laid down his all, his life, on the altar of his country. I am sure that every heart, every Member, is thinking in terms of the sacrifice that he made. He has left us all a marvelous heritage.

May God bless his family. And in this hour of tribulation and sorrow may they be comforted and consoled by the realization that underneath them are the everlasting arms; that as their days are, so shall their strength be.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Flood] is recognized.

Mr. FLOOD. Mr. Speaker, I, too, wish to use these moments to say a word about BOB COFFEY, whom I think I have

known perhaps, with the exception of my distinguished colleague from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley] much longer than the other Members of the House. I first met Col. BOB COFFEY when he was the handsome, dashing, and distinguished Air Force attaché of the Embassy of the United States in Santiago, Chile. My colleagues in the past few moments have said gracious, and gentle, and fine things of BOB; but let me assure you that Colonel COFFEY loved life. BOB did not want to die then, or today, or tomorrow. He was handsome, "a mirror of fashion, the mold of form," yet a skilled and brilliant fighter pilot—oh, not one of the kind that in the musical plays did it "without hands"; no; he was a student of aerial dynamics, a student of the game. He had been through the mill and he knew other things had to be done for the generation of fighter pilots now in service and yet unborn.

Mr. Speaker, this is the first breach in the Pennsylvania delegation on the third floor of the Old House Office Building. We are a clannish crowd, the Pennsylvania Democratic delegation. We are very proud of each other. We work very, very, closely together. BOB COFFEY'S office was right next to mine and right across the hall was the distinguished dean of the Pennsylvania delegation, the Hon. Francis Walter, where he could keep his eye on the several of us in that corridor. Day after day in the past three or four months we would gather in my office or in that of Congressman Walter and there settle great and momentous problems of state. I remember that in the first weeks of this session BOB wanted very much to be on the Committee on the Armed Services; he felt that he could bring to that committee all of his experiences. He was a "red-hot" pilot and a "red-hot" Congressman. But it was pointed out to him that in accordance with the great and beloved traditions of this honorable and distinguished body, one had to be a good soldier, one had to take one's place in line, and one had to bow to seniority and bide one's time.

We said to him, "It will not be long, BOB; you will be on there next term."

Well, BOB will never serve on the Armed Services Committee of the House of Representatives. It is our loss and the loss of the Nation.

Some people say that they do not care whether they are Members of this House or not; some say, "Maybe I will not run this year, it was not my idea anyhow"; but not COFFEY. He loved every minute of the few—sadly few—weeks and months that he was with us as a Member. Let me assure you again, Mr. Speaker, every minute he loved.

It so happened, as several of my colleagues have reminisced in this eulogy, that BOB and I had dinner the night before he left on recess because I was leaving by plane the next morning at 9 o'clock for Cuba. He took the pains to bring to me a little present of greeting that he wanted me to deliver to a husband and wife who had served with him in Chile, Commander Hal Thompson and his lovely wife, Julie, a gracious Chilean lady. It was on Thursday in Habana at the American Chancellery offices that the American ambassador brought to me BOB COFFEY'S friend and said, "This is the fabulous friend of your fabulous friend."

So today for the few of us who had the chance to enjoy the intimacy and the humor and the friendship of BOB COFFEY, I am privileged to add these few words. Progress and a jet pilot are words that in themselves are synonymous. I said to COFFEY time and time again: "BOB, you are no boy any more. Why not stop fooling around with those things? You will kill yourself some day. Jet fighters are for kids." He said, "Look, Flood, there are bugs in those things. I am going to find out where they are."

He did and he died.

"Better love hath no man—."

Mr. Speaker, I have lost a good, good friend, not a gentleman by an act of Congress or as an officer of the Air Force,

but a born gentleman, a great soldier, ah, let me assure you, a wonderful father, a loving husband.

He is not dead,
As we that are left shall die.
Age shall not weary him,
Nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun.
And in the morning,
We shall remember him.

My heart breaks to think of his lovely and gracious wife—his children. But how proud these young ones can be—a noble heritage, a hero father, a great name—he will come to them out of the east on the wings of morning—until the day when they join him in "the wild blue yonder."

I am sad today at his passing. May God have mercy on his soul.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Davenport].

Mr. DAVENPORT. Mr. Speaker, when I said good-by to BOB COFFEY on the last day of the session before the Easter vacation, little did I think that I would be standing in the well of this House today paying tribute to his memory. I feel a little sense of guilt, because on that day I asked him if he would not come up to Pittsburgh to attend a meeting of the Pennsylvania Democratic Committee. I have felt since then that had I used a little greater power of persuasion, he might still be with us today. Few people in this House realize that BOB COFFEY made a sacrifice when he ran for and was elected to Congress, because BOB COFFEY was already established, and could look forward to a great and distinguished military career. This morning I had breakfast with a major of the United States Army who told me that in BOB COFFEY's death the Air Force suffered a teriffic loss. He told me that few men in the United States had the wide and extensive knowledge that BOB had accumulated in his experience as a pilot. Just think of it. A man 30 years of age. Why, that man had lived three ordinary lives. In his

twenties he was shot down over enemy territory. Avoiding capture, he joined the underground forces in France and fought alongside of those valiant heroes for a long time.

Our hearts go out to his beautiful and brave wife, to his two children, and to his devoted parents. But, we have this heartening thought that in their grief perhaps there may be some amelioration when they realize the high esteem in which this great and courageous man was held by his colleagues. Our country has suffered a great loss at a time that it can ill afford to suffer that loss. The military forces of our country have suffered a loss, as has the Congress of the United States, because BOB COFFEY, just as he was a natural-born soldier, looked to me to be a natural-born statesman. He was a man surrounded by drama, by romance. He looked like a legendary figure in his uniform. He looked like he came out of a great romantic novel. So filled was he with love for his country and with the desire to serve his country that he lost his life, because he told me, just as my colleague, Dan Flood pointed out, that he was looking for the bugs in jet planes. He died a martyr to his country.

We have lost a great soldier. We have lost a man who had the potential to be a great statesman. We have lost a great American, a great friend.

May his soul rest in peace throughout eternity.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Rankin].

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, when I learned of the tragic death of Representative BOB COFFEY I gave out a statement to the press in which I said that he was one of the outstanding new Members of the Eighty-first Congress. The more I think of it the more thoroughly am I convinced of that fact.

He was the best-informed man on the subject of aviation, at least, in the Democratic cloakroom. He had the proper view that if this Nation was ever attacked, our defense lay in the strongest air force on earth. He was assigned to the Air Force here in Washington, and if this Nation had been

attacked, in 30 minutes at the outside, Bob Coffey would have been in the air driving off those enemies that threatened to bring about our destruction.

I am probably more enthusiastic about the Air Force than the average man who has taken as few flights as I have.

Approximately 20 years ago, on this floor a man by the name of Frank Reid, from Illinois, who has now passed away, a Republican Member of the House, joined me in the defense of Gen. Billy Mitchell when he was being crucified by the brass hats in Washington, and the background was being laid, if you please, for the destruction of Pearl Harbor.

If General Mitchell had been properly treated and his advice had been followed, there would have been no Pearl Harbor disaster and we might have avoided World War II.

When young Coffey came to Congress I had never heard of him, but I became well acquainted with him and we discussed this issue thoroughly. I am shocked at the stupid order wiping out segregation in the armed forces, and I realize the disastrous consequences it may bring. If they had consulted Bob Coffey, I dare say such an error would never have been made.

He was one of the most pleasant men I have ever known. As I said, I considered him one of the most valuable new Members of this Congress, and the one who knew more about the subject of aerial warfare than any other human being with whom I have discussed that issue in recent years. I am convinced, and he was convinced, that if we get into another war, it will not be a war of artillery, it will not be a war of infantry, it will be a war of airplanes and atomic bombs.

There never was a time on earth when this country needed men like Mr. Coffey in the Congress of the United States to help protect this Nation, not only against our enemies at home and abroad but against stupidity at home, such as I have just mentioned.

God bless his sacred memory. Our hearts go out to his bereaved wife and children. We will forever revere this noble patriot who gave his life for his country.

May his memory ever be an inspiration to all patriotic Americans, and when his immortal spirit lands on that distant shore may he greet the coming of another age of youth and usefulness in another radiant Easter beyond the gates of night.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Simpson].

Mr. SIMPSON of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, it is with a deep sense of personal inadequacy that I undertake to speak a few words in memory of our recently departed colleague. I cannot lay claim to have known ROBERT COFFEY intimately. I met him only after he came to Congress. Nor can I lay claim to anticipating what his future might have been, or what he might have contributed to this great land of ours and to the world had he been permitted to remain with us. I cannot say that. But I attended the services in Johnstown, his home town, on Friday of last week, and there saw an outpouring of the citizenry of that town in sincere attestation of their belief in the young man and that for which he stood; a proof of their confidence in him for the future. By that expression of their deep sympathy and their horror, almost, at the thought that he who gave promise for so much in the future was gone, I know that he was a man. In the brief span of 30 years, he had done far more, in many respects, for his country, than any of us will ever do. At the time of his death, his star was in the ascendancy. What our country and our great State will lose by his passing will never be known. But let us, his colleagues, learn from him. Let us look forward to doing here in the House of Representatives that which we know he would have accomplished, had he been permitted to be with us.

I join all in the House of Representatives in expressing our sympathy to his parents, his widow, and his children. May

God bless them and our country to which he contributed so much.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Fulton].

Mr. FULTON. Mr. Speaker, we often think that death is for old men. But death is for the young and the brave, too. Death is not always for strangers. It is often for our friends and our families. When we find a young man cut down at the peak of his powers, we often cannot grasp the implications at the moment.

As a member of the Pennsylvania congressional delegation I knew Bob Coffey in Congress as a Member who was true to his trust and faithful to his duty. I came to know him as a friend, because we had many mutual friends. Our offices were close together, and he represented my neighboring city of Johnstown, Pa.

I knew him not only as a hard-working individual, but as a quiet and unassuming man. He went about his duties in such a way as to show great promise. We Members of Congress knew him as a distinguished member of the Air Forces in the last World War. As a Republican Member, myself, I saw in his loyal opposition great promise, and I had great hopes that he would rise to be one of the leaders in this body in the future. We, who knew him and were his friends, will miss him. We ask that Heaven bless his family, his wife and his children, and keep his memory alive in the future.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Cavalcante].

Mr. CAVALCANTE. Mr. Speaker, it is my lot to come from a congressional district that adjoins the one from which our departed colleague, Robert L. Coffey, Jr., was elected.

I first met him in the course of the primary that preceded his election last November.

During the course of both primary and election, it was not unusual for him to enter my district and for me to enter his district to speak in behalf of each other and the Democratic Party. The most vivid memories I have of him are distinct from those made by the able speeches he made for our common political success. They are the many occasions on which the time or the program of a political meeting was changed or altered in order that he might be with his adored wife and children in Puerto Rico, or with his beloved parents at Johnstown, or with his comrades of the Air Force Reserve in flights that were necessary for him to retain his commission of colonel. His devotion to wife, child, parent, friend, or country was neither artificial nor pretended. It was a devotion as true and constant as the rising and the setting of the sun. I saw it in my association with him here on the floor of this House. I saw it at the social functions that follow the life of a Congressman and his family here at this Capital City of our Nation. I saw it when his Shooting Star streaked across the skies with its destination at Puerto Rico, at Johnstown, at Albuquerque, or elsewhere. I saw it in the depth of his eye and the warmth of his hand when he met his fellow man in friendship and in brotherhood. I saw it in the many decorations that were pinned upon his youthful breast for gallantry in the services he so unselfishly gave in defense of the country that he loved so well. I saw it in the tear and bereavement of the adored wife, parent, child, and friend over his violent and sudden death. I see it now in that newly dug grave on Arlington Ridge where a grateful and understanding Nation has laid his mortal remains to rest among those of other heroes and defenders who, as he did, gave to the last full measure of devotion so that this Nation under God might endure and be the shibboleth of peace and freedom the world over for all men and women of good will.

Mr. Speaker, no art, no magic, and no words can gather up the remains of our departed colleague and give back to

them their wonted warmth and flow of life. The cup was upturned 'ere it was filled to the brim, and our departed colleague, as the water spilt on the ground, cannot be gathered up again. But we, as the water yet unspilt and in the cup upright, can gather up an added sparkle unto the water for that our departed colleague, journeying this way, tarried a while and then moved on.

May the sympathy of this grateful and understanding Nation be some solace to his bereaved wife, children, parents, and kin.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Harvey].

Mr. HARVEY. Mr. Speaker, it is seldom that a man so young has had the opportunity to contribute so much to his country.

It was my privilege to become acquainted with BOB COFFEY when he came to serve on the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments. As has been explained, that was not his first choice; but, being a good soldier, he not only accepted his place, but also fulfilled his responsibility on that committee with enthusiasm and with great intelligence. His contributions had already been recognized and his work appreciated. I wish to say briefly that although his time and his work in the Congress were short, his service to his country was great; his contribution was the greatest any man could give, because he gave his all.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the Delegate from Puerto Rico.

Mr. FERNÓS-ISERN. Mr. Speaker, I wish to say a few words in the name of the people of Puerto Rico concerning our good friend, BOB COFFEY. He spent some years with us in the little island of the Caribbean, serving in the armed forces, together with many Puerto Rican boys who came to feel that he was one of them. He married a distinguished

Puerto Rican lady. Out of this marriage two little children were born.

When BOB COFFEY was elected a Member of Congress he came to Puerto Rico, he saw the leaders of the island, he met with the people. He told them all that while he had been elected by one of the districts in the great State of Pennsylvania, he was not only going to look after the interests of that district, and of his State, and of the Nation; but that in his big heart there was also a place for Puerto Rico, for which he felt he had special obligations, it being the land of birth of his beloved wife, and, of course, also a part of the United States.

The death of BOB COFFEY has caused a tremendous shock and deep sorrow in Puerto Rico. I express the feeling of the whole people there when I say that we have lost not only a great friend but we feel also that we have lost one of our own.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Boggs] is recognized.

Mr. BOGGS of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, I first met our late colleague in my native State several weeks before this Congress convened, and because of our early meeting I presume I got to know him as well as, if not better than, any of the new Members of our great body; and, as I learned to know him, I learned to have for him the same respect and admiration which has been expressed so beautifully today by those who knew him for a much longer period of time.

Mr. Speaker, as we attempt to fathom the mysteries of life and death, I presume we invariably try to find a reason for things that happen. As we look at the premature departure of this magnificent young American we can find, I believe, one commanding lesson in his life. His life, as short as it was, was a living refutation of those who would destroy our great country. Here was a young man born of poor, honest parents, who worked with his hands in coal mines, who came up in

what we as Americans describe as the hard way. From a humble beginning he rose to a place of great honor and respect in our beloved country. He wore on his breast the highest decorations that our Nation could award. He received from his fellow citizens one of the greatest trusts that can be bestowed upon a man. So, here in his life, the life of one humbly born, is a living refutation of those who would destroy our way of life.

If there is any further lesson to be learned, as I see it, from the so early departure of our young friend, it would be that as long as our country can nurture men of the stature and of the vision and of the wisdom of Colonel COFFEY; as long as we can be preserved from the shackles of the minds of little men; as long as we can produce big men, broad men, brave men, our country is indeed safe.

I had the pleasure of knowing his lovely wife, and I join with you, my colleagues, in extending to her and to his parents our sympathy and our love. To his children go the greatest heritage that any person can receive, and that is a good, a brave, and a noble name.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. Johnson].

Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. Speaker, it was not my privilege to know Mr. COFFEY very intimately. I met him on the paddle ball court in our gymnasium. But I was impressed with his very congenial, likable personality. After I met him I went back to my office and decided I wanted to know more about him. So I looked in the Congressional Directory. When I read of his meteoric career in the Army Air Force, I was still more impressed. When I read of his career in civil life I was still more impressed.

Mr. Speaker, 25 years before his great career in the Air Forces it was my privilege to have a fraction of that kind of a career. He flew 97 missions. I flew 27 missions. Consequently I think I have a better understanding than most Members of the House of what that man went through.

Ninety-seven times he flew over the enemy lines risking his life on behalf of our great country. Once he was brought down, but through the grace of God he survived. What impressed me more than anything else about that experience was the fact that after he had been knocked down he could have submitted by becoming a prisoner of war and coasting out the war in a prison camp. But he fought his way out, he broke through the German lines and got back to the American forces to fight again.

Those of us who pioneered aerial warfare in the First World War have taken a paternal interest and pride in the accomplishment of the airmen in the recent World War. They measured up in every particular to the traditions and aspirations of the Air Forces. ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR., was an exceptional specimen of those brave men. Every old airman was thrilled with the record this young flier made and with the thought that he was one of those who pioneered in the combat service in which Colonel COFFEY made his phenomenal record.

It certainly is tragic that a young man of this type has to be taken away from us. I sometimes wonder when these things happen, and God feels that he must take somebody from this Chamber, why he does not take some of us who are older in order that a young man like COFFEY, with a tremendous future ahead of him and with a great career and experience behind him, could remain. If we are to fashion the peace in the world, it is these young men, especially those that were forged in the crucible of conflict, that must forge the peace. They have an understanding of the necessity, the absolute necessity of having a peaceful world much better than those of us that are older. I wish this young man might have lived on through the successful years he undoubtedly would have had had he remained in this Chamber so that he could devote his talents to building world stability and ultimately world peace. As I say, it is very tragic for the Congress to lose him, and it is even more personally tragic

for his wife and darling children to lose him. My sympathies go out to them in this sad hour.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Florida [Mr. Herlong].

Mr. HERLONG. Mr. Speaker, words are very inappropriate and inadequate to express yourself at a time like this. I cannot add anything to the beautiful words of tribute that have been spoken for my friend, BOB COFFEY. I can simply say that since I have known him here, I have grown tremendously fond of him. I considered him a real friend. It is my prayer that God will comfort, console, and bless his loved ones in their and in our country's great loss.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Wagner].

Mr. WAGNER. Mr. Speaker and my colleagues, words cannot express how shocked I was to hear on last Thursday of the death of my good friend, Congressman BOB COFFEY. I did not know him before becoming a Member of this Eighty-first Congress, but he was one of the first of the new Members with whom I became acquainted. I learned to love him. There was not a day passed that he and I did not sit down together and discuss the doings and the workings of this Congress and the country. He would either visit my office or I would visit with him. We ate lunch together frequently, and it was my privilege to have lunch with him on the day of adjournment, which Congressman Graham spoke of. He and I and BOB had lunch together. BOB COFFEY never spoke an ill word of anyone. He had a deep understanding of the problems of the country and a deeper understanding of the problems of the armed forces of the Nation. It was a disappointment to him when he was not placed on the Armed Services Committee. I had the privilege and the honor of occupying a seat next to him on the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments. We on that committee fully appreciated BOB COFFEY'S wisdom, his under-

standing, and his willingness to work. Bob was so willing to work that while he never missed any sessions of our committee, he also attended faithfully and religiously every meeting of the Armed Services Committee that he possibly could. He was a man who was not interested in a title or prestige; he was interested in going forward and working for the good of his country. By coincidence Bob's wife and my wife became acquainted the first week we were down here. I got to know his wife and his two little children, and my heart goes out to them in this hour of need. Besides his other attributes, Bob Coffey was a great soldier. He had a record that was the envy of everyone who was in the services. Yet, as close as he and I were, he never mentioned one word of his war record to me. I found out what a hero he was from his friends. On many occasions when Bob was having a little time off from his congressional duties, he would devote himself to further study of aerodynamics with jet planes. The Army and the Air Force were part of his life.

I said to him on several occasions, "Bob, you have done your job. You are a Congressman now. You are doing a job here. Please quit taking chances on getting killed." He said, "Well, if you are supposed to go that way, I guess that is the way you are supposed to go. It is a part of me. I am going to do all I can to make these jets perfect."

On his cross-country flights Bob Coffey never failed to send me a post card with some little kidding remark about the stay-on-the-ground boys not being able to get out and go up in the air with him.

I sincerely miss Bob Coffey. I will miss his daily stops in my office. I will miss his wise counsel. He was a friend such as few of us have the privilege of knowing. I know his body lies over at Arlington Cemetery. He had a brilliant future ahead of him as a statesman. His spirit lives on and will guide us in our future deliberations for the welfare of God and country. Bob, I know you are going to keep an eye on us.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Williams].

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. Speaker, there are certain bonds of friendship that unite men who fly airplanes for their country in time of war. BOB COFFEY and I were both members of that great fraternity of the air in World War II. Because of this, perhaps, we very quickly made friends at the beginning of the Eighty-first Congress.

I admired BOB COFFEY, first, because he was a man worthy of admiration, and further, because he made the combat record overseas I did not have the chance to make because of an airplane accident in South America.

He was a great soldier and a great patriot. His few months in the Eighty-first Congress had already shown him to be a great statesman. My hat is off to BOB COFFEY. As was said a few moments ago, we can ill afford in these days to lose men of his caliber.

My sympathies go to his family and his loved ones.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. McKinnon].

Mr. McKINNON. Mr. Speaker, my wife and I had just had the pleasure of being the guest of the Coffeys the night before the accident occurred. We can well remember how as we came in the door BOB COFFEY met us and gave us the news he was going to fly to our State and to my district the next day. We were given a little map to drive out to their place, so we could find the way. They called it the Coffey Pot, and that night we were truly impressed with the number and the kind of friends the Coffeys had. The Coffey Pot actually percolated and bubbled over with friendship and cheerfulness. It was a happy home.

The other morning a few of us were at the services and those of us at the memorial services at Arlington on Saturday morning were duly impressed with the military honors that were rightfully tendered BOB COFFEY.

There was a band and a military guard in blue. As many of us stood there and watched the guard and the honors being paid to Bob Coffey, we thought back to the time, a few days preceding, when the military appropriations bill was before this body and how someone suggested that the Air Corps should not be allowed to have a separate uniform. We thought of how Bob Coffey stood up for his Air Corps and offered the suggestion that certainly the Air Corps should have the right to have the kind of uniform that it wanted, and that if it was a blue uniform, its members should be allowed to wear blue uniforms. As we stood there that day and saw the men in blue uniforms, who were paying him his last honors, we thought of the part that Bob Coffey played in the House of Representatives and the part that he will forever play in the Air Corps with its blue uniforms. So far as I am concerned, whenever I shall see a member of the Air Corps in a blue uniform, it will always serve as a living memory of the work Bob Coffey did in the House of Representatives and for his country.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Kruse].

Mr. KRUSE. Mr. Speaker, a great deal has been said on the floor of the House today concerning the untimely and unfortunate passing of our beloved colleague, Bob Coffey. It strikes me that words are futile things at a time like this. It was my good fortune to have met Bob Coffey in the opening weeks of this session of Congress. We were the same age, and I look upon his passing as do the other young men in the House. I believe everyone was aware of a certain elusive and indefinable quality of spirit which surrounded Bob Coffey. He had a nobleness of character which was evident to all. His passing should give us cause for thought and consideration. We, in the Congress, receive a great deal of criticism, but where, in all America, would you have found a finer citizen or a greater American to serve in the Congress of the United States, and where else are such Americans as

BOB COFFEY needed as in the Congress? His loss is not only an irreplaceable loss to his lovely family, but a loss to the Congress and to the Nation. May God give us the strength to carry on as he would have done if he were present with us today.

Mr. KARSTEN. Mr. Speaker, I was shocked and saddened over the death of our colleague, ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR.

While I met BOB only a few months ago, I got to know him very well. He was one of the most brilliant young officers to emerge from the recent war and was perhaps the most decorated man in the House. He was an outstanding pilot of the fastest type of planes. But he was very modest and rarely talked of his war experiences. The records of the Air Force, however, show that he completed 96 missions over enemy countries. He was shot down on one occasion and after a month of harrowing experiences found his way back to the American lines.

He rose from the status of flying cadet in 1942 to the rank of colonel, a rank usually reserved for much older men. BOB was only 30. He was a great soldier.

His legislative career has been cut short, but during his stay here he made a remarkable record. As a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments he contributed much to the work of the committee. He demonstrated highest qualities of statesmanship. His sense of fairness and temperament was such that he would have gone far in Congress.

He was the type of man you liked immediately. He had a personality that made him friends wherever he went. You liked him because he was a regular fellow.

We shall miss him and I know the sorrow that is his family's is shared by every Member of the House. To his family I express my deepest sympathy and I ask that the Lord sustain them in their hour of sorrow.

Mr. KEOGH. Mr. Speaker, our distinguished colleague, ROBERT COFFEY, will be greatly missed by those who have come

to know him. He died, however, as he lived—in the service of his country. His notable war record will remain a monument to his memory. His courage was superlative, his ability unquestioned, his character of the highest. His family, his constituency, and his beloved country have been suddenly and sadly deprived of a great American, a valiant soldier, and a good man. We shall miss him very much, and we hope and pray that he enjoys the peace and rest of which he is so deserving.

Mr. LIND. Mr. Speaker, I was shocked to learn of the tragic death of my friend and colleague, BOB COFFEY. He and I came to this Congress at the same time, both representing districts from the State of Pennsylvania.

We had something in common outside of our congressional duties. Both of us had served our country in time of war. He in the air, and I in the ground forces. His interest in the air arm was almost a passion with him. While not a member of the Armed Services Committee, he attended the hearings of this group, and made his presence felt on legislation affecting his branch of the service. While on the floor, during discussion relative to the national defense of our country, he continually spoke in favor of the air arm, and supported all measures that would tend to improve it.

He did not rest on his laurels as some do, but was ever trying to improve himself so that if his country again called he would be ready to go.

His last day alive found him in the airplane soaring away "into the wild blue yonder." For his country he gave up his last full measure of devotion, for the service he loved so well—the Army Air Corps.

Now BOB has gone "West," and from us forever. His figure, his voice, and his wonderful personality will always be living truths to me.

Beneath the green in Arlington Cemetery, forever connected with the honor of those who served, lies BOB with

his comrades. Above his grave the trees sway in their grandeur, an imperishable monument.

I desire to express my heartfelt sympathy and condolences to the mother and wife and children of one who has fallen in a cause as imperishable as will be the names of those who have fallen to defend it.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 5 days within which to extend their remarks at this point in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Cooper). Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Pennsylvania?

There was no objection.

Mr. DAGUE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I am moved to join with those who mourn the untimely passing of our esteemed colleague and friend, the Honorable ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR. In the short time we were privileged to enjoy his companionship in this House we came to know him as a sincere and studious legislator and also as an amiable and cheerful associate. Beyond these persuasive considerations which drew us to him there was also that unstinted admiration which all men reserve for those who have distinguished themselves in battle and who by their outstanding service have earned and received the highest acclaim of their compatriots.

As we mourn the departure of this stalwart American our hearts turn in fullest sympathy to those bereft and we pray that a compassionate and all-wise Maker will guide them along the pathway which is now obscured by clouds ahead.

Mr. BATTLE. Mr. Speaker, I would not be fulfilling the dictates of my heart if I did not say a word at this time about my friend and our former colleague, BOB COFFEY. BOB was a young man and he was a Member of Congress for only a short time, yet he made a great impression upon all of us and I know that his influence will continue to be felt for a

long, long time. He brought a fighting spirit to Congress which we needed, a spirit that challenges all of us to carry on in a manner fitting to his memory. BOB had a zeal for his work and for the attainment of peace on earth and good will among men which was unsurpassed by anyone here.

He was my friend. I respected and admired him, as all of us did who knew him best. BOB's influence has not died and I know that he will live with us as we go about the great task of trying to bring about harmony in national and international affairs. I know that BOB's spirit will help to guide and direct our activities. The Eighty-first Congress is a better Congress and our great country is a better country because of the life of our friend, BOB COFFEY.

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 192).

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR., a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 39 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, April 26, 1949, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *April 21, 1949.*

Mr. MYERS. Mr. President, I had proposed earlier to rise on the floor of the Senate with the sad responsibility of informing the Senate officially of the death yesterday of Representative ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR., of the Twenty-sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, a fighter-pilot hero of the last war, who was killed in the crash of the jet Shooting Star, in which he was making a so-called routine practice flight. His death ended at the age of 30 years what had promised to be an outstanding career in the Congress.

Just as he faced death so fearlessly so many times in the last war, he died yesterday in the active military defense of America, as if he had been engaged in actual war activity, for he died while seeking to retain and improve his skill as a fighter pilot in case national emergency should ever call him back into the active Military Establishment.

He maintained his Reserve status and flew regularly in his jet plane, even though heavily burdened as a Member of Congress with the great multitude of duties which fall on all conscientious Members of Congress—duties which a new Member finds suddenly and overwhelmingly thrust upon him.

His constituents, I know, were proud of the fact that he was the only Member of Congress who piloted jet planes. But they were much prouder of him for being what they considered a good Congressman.

In his short tenure in Congress, since the first of this year, he demonstrated tremendous leadership potential. Had he lived, he would, I am sure, have developed into one of the outstanding Members of Congress. As it was, he brought dignity, veracity, and deep patriotism to his work in Congress.

His tragic death, climaxing a hero's career, constitutes a sorrowful blow to the people of the Twenty-sixth District of

Pennsylvania, to the Democratic Party of Pennsylvania which had proudly put him forward for election to Congress, and to the Congress itself, which will certainly miss his deep understanding of military issues and his humane approach to all issues, foreign and domestic.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Representative COFFEY's biography, as it appears in the Congressional Directory, may be printed in the Record at this point.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The biography of Representative COFFEY is as follows:

ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY, JR., Democrat, of Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa.; born October 21, 1918, in Chattanooga, Tenn.; son of Robert Lewis Coffey and Curry Ethel Brindley; education, Ferndale High School 1935, University of Pittsburgh, and Penn State College 1939; air inspector and senior officer's course, Orlando, Fla.; Command and General Staff School, Leavenworth, Kans., 1945; profession, air force officer; received appointment as a flying cadet September 23, 1939; commissioned second lieutenant June 1940, and assigned to Langley Field, Va., as a fighter pilot; in January 1941 transferred to Puerto Rico as flight commander in the Thirty-sixth Fighter Group; promoted to first lieutenant November 1, 1941; transferred to Panama December 10, 1941, on antisubmarine patrol; March 1942, promoted to captain and made squadron commander of the Fifty-second Fighter Squadron; assigned to the Third Fighter Command in August 1942 as aide-de-camp to the commanding general; promoted to major in January 1943; overseas, European theater of operations, Ninth Air Force, December 1943; promoted to lieutenant colonel March 12, 1944; flew 97 combat missions over Italy, Yugoslavia, France, and Germany; shot down on German airfield July 11, 1944; evaded capture and operated with the French Forces of Resistance (the Maquis); returned through the German lines 1 month later; assigned as Military Air Attaché, United States Embassy, Santiago, Chile, in October 1945; departed April 1948; jet training with the Fourth Fighter Group, Washington, D. C.; resigned Regular Air Force commission September 1, 1948, to pursue political candidacy; commissioned colonel, Air Force Reserve, September 2, 1948; decorations: Distinguished Flying Cross, 3 times; the Air Medal, 27 times; Purple Heart; Bronze Star, for activities behind German lines; Orden al Mérito, Chile, for diplomatic service; European Theater of Operations Campaign Ribbon, 5 battle

stars; Service Ribbon and American Theater Ribbon, from 1935 to 1939; belonged to the United Mine Workers of America and was employed in all positions from coal loader to engineer; married the former Eileen Mercado-Parra, of Ponce, Puerto Rico, October 15, 1942; two children: Robert Lewis 3d, age 4½; Eileen María, age 1; member of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Veterans, the Elks, the Northfork Country Club, Army-Navy Club; elected to the Eighty-first Congress on November 2, 1948.

Mr. MYERS. Mr. President, at this point I offer, on behalf of myself and the junior Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Martin], a privileged resolution which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, the resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 111) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR., late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join the committee to be appointed by the Speaker on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives, when it reconvenes on the twenty-fifth inst., and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair will defer the appointment of the committee called for by the resolution, so that tomorrow morning the Vice President may appoint the committee.

Mr. MYERS. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative from Pennsylvania, ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY, JR., I now move that the Senate stand in recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 11 o'clock and 43 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Friday, April 22, 1949, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FRIDAY, *April 22, 1949.*

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair desires to appoint a committee of Senators to attend the funeral of Representative ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR., of Pennsylvania. Pursuant to Senate Resolution 111, agreed to yesterday, the Chair appoints the two Senators from Pennsylvania [Mr. Myers and Mr. Martin] the committee on the part of the Senate.

Date Due

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Memorial services held in the main

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